Eromena:

OR, THE NOBLE STRANGER.

A NOVEL.

Τίνά θεὸν, Τίν' Ἥρωα, τίν' ἄνδρα
Κελαδήσομεν. Pindar.

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TO

Madam Sarah Monday.

Madam,

SInce it is not only usual, but necessary, to present things of this Nature to some Female Saint, under whose Patronage they may rest safe and secure from the severe Lash of detracting, censorious Tongues; I thought it my Duty, as well as Policy, to

send

ſend the fair Eromena *to bear you Company.*

Tho ſhe was a Princeſs endued with the greateſt gifts of Fortune and Nature, (Wealth and Beauty) yet ſhe reſembles the Divine Nature in nothing more than a lowly Humility: and therefore, Madam, *I have good Reaſon to preſume, that ſhe cannot deny you to be one of her Maids of Honour.*

As for the Noble Stranger, *he deſires to kiſs your Hands with as great an Ardency*

dency as ever he did the lovely Eromena's; and the only Reason he can give, is, because you resemble her so well. He well knows what Altars ought to be erected to the Shrines of Wit and Beauty; and it would seem too much of Flattery in me to tell you how much you are Mistress of both: only Madam, be pleas'd to give them a candid and a gracious Entertainment. I dare be security enough, they'l be grateful and ingenious; and wherever they shall for

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the future happen to come, I doubt not but they will make good that of the incomparable Shakespear;

Not Marble, nor the gilded Monument
Of Princes shall out-live this powerful Line;
But you shall shine more bright in this Content,
Than dusty Trophies soil'd with sluttish Time.
'Gainst Death and all oblivious Enmity,
Still shall you live, your Praise shall still find room
Ev'n in the Eyes of all Posterity;
Were this frail World sunk to its final Doom.
So till in Judgment you again shall rise,
You live in this, and dwell in Lovers Eyes.

Eromena:

OR, THE NOBLE STRANGER.

WHen the Earth had long lain marbl'd up in Frosts, and grown weary of the white Livery of Nature, began to invest it self with the more pleasing Enamel of the verdant Spring; when a young *Spartan* Lord, attended with a noble and magnificent Train, had almost spent the Morning in the Chase of a stately Stag, which they had

forc'd from the safer protection of the Forest, to the hazards and perils of a flow'ry Plain, till driven by his clamorous Persecutors to the horrid Ascent of a craggy Cliff; where, as it were grown proud to fall a Sacrifice, he sinks weeping, while the victorious shouts of his Hunters ecchoe the sad News of their Leader's Death to the distant Herds. So soon as their shrill Horns had perform'd his funeral Obsequies, their sight was entertain'd with a more startling and fatal prospect: from their lofty Station they behold a Ship, with Christian Colours, combating with an whole Squadron of *Turkish* Pyrates; the Air had not the

least Blast of Anger in her looks, nor the Clouds of Horror, when the merciless *Turks*, with their prevailing numbers, over-pow-er'd, and boarded the wretched Christians, to whom nothing could possibly afford any aid but only the prevalent Oratory of their Prayers; which propitious Heaven soon heard, and pitying their Miseries, commanded a Delivery.

Presently the Clouds, big with impending Showers, loud Thunder roaring, and horrid Lightning roving through the darkened Air, proclaim a Tempest; *Neptune* rouls his watery Plains into transparent Mountains, and hurls them at the head of *Jove*;

and Nature her ſelf look'd ſo affrighted, as if ſhe would ſink back into that matter that firſt cover'd the face of rude and undigeſted *Chaos*; ſtrait the floating Caſtles are torn, among the towering Cliffs, the Sails and Maſts rent by the angry Winds from the huge Hulk, gave as ſad Groans as departing Souls from ſinful Bodies. But the day beginning by degrees to recover her loſt Light, made way for a more ſad Diſcovery: Now the curl'd Waves begin to diſplay the Trophies of their Cruelty in amazing funeral pomps and ſcatter'd ruines; here you might behold ſome wretched Objects, that having long ſtruggl'd with the foam-

foaming Billows, sink and dye; yonder a pair as constant in their Friendship as any whom the Poets have deify'd, meet their Fate both together, and dye in each others Embraces: the *Tritons* ravish the beautiful and tender Virgins in their Lovers sight, and afterwards quench those bright Lamps their Eyes in a too certain and unlamented Destiny.

Whiles such sad Spectacles drew pity from their Hearts and tears from their Eyes, a grating and surprizing Noise assaulted their Ears, which in base, ignoble Cowards might have beget an extraordinary Fear; but in them stirr'd up a flame of Curiosity and Courage, when they be-

held under the Rock a Company of those shipwrack'd persons engag'd in a desperate Combate; but when by a nearer approach every *Individuum* became more plain and obvious, from Surprise they were to such a Wonder in which *Poets* use to celebrate their Heroes, to see a noble *Christian* with every Blow expell a *Turk's* black Soul. Yet at length the number of his Foes blunted the edge of his Valour, and had made him stoop to an ignoble Conquest, had not the brave *Thersander* (follow'd by his small Retinue of Hunters) by a speedy Aid, crown'd Christian Fortitude with the Lavvrel of Victory; which vvas so compleat,

that

that only one survived to be the unwelcome Messenger of their Ruine.

But when *Therſander* and *Horatio* (for ſo was the noble Chriſtian nam'd) took a ſerious view of their pitied dead, they found one worthy Soul that had not yet diſerted the tottering habitation of Life, though his Wounds were ſo numerous and dangerous that his Friend, the Noble *Horatio*, took the greateſt Care imaginable to reſtore his juſt expiring Spirits, to gather ſtrength ſufficient to get to *Therſander's* Palace; to which, he of his own innate Goodneſs (and their neceſſity prompting) invited them to repoſe, making his Dwelling

at once both a Sanctuary and the Throne of Charity to neceſſitous Strangers. 'Twas now in the cool time of the Evening, when *Phœbus* was repos'd in the lap of *Thetis*, when they arriv'd at the Caſtle.

And here the extraordinary Splendour of the Palace, and the Commodiouſneſs of its Scituation, are ſufficient to commend themſelves. It was loftily ſeated on the Aſcent of a ſtately Hill, whoſe Baſis was well fring'd with long-liv'd Oaks and princely Cedars, which ſweetly ſhaded the adjacent fragrant Meadows, through which a ſpacious River ſmoothly glided to inrich the flowry Valleys, and render

them

them both pleasing and profitable.

Here the Noble *Thersander* chose rather to make his Residence than in the lazy Greatness and idle Trifles of the glittering Court: here it is that he is now grown old in Virtue, and begins to bow under the weight of Time; and since all the Glories of his younger days, now in the Calm of his Age, had left him nothing to embalm his Name but Virtue, he strives in that to be at once the greatest Wonder and the best example to his Posterity, the least of his Actions being fill'd with a Goodness so sweet and amiable, that like the ruines of once flourishing Temples,

ples, sacred to the Gods, the adoring Vulgar reverence their Memory, and think nothing more sacred than the demolish'd Monuments of never-dying Antiquity.

In his Hall hung no Pictures representing the wanton embraces of an obscene *Venus*; nor indeed any thing that had the least resemblance of Softness or Effeminacy; the Walls were all adorned with useful and shining Armour, which his own Servants, valiant and loyal, manag'd when ever his Prince and Country requir'd their Assistance, and never made use of them against either in a popular Faction, whose cursed Seeds were first engender'd

by

by Hell, and maintain'd by Ambition.

His Friend *Aphron* being recover'd of his Wounds, and *Horatio's* Discontent being quite lost in the splendour and pleasure of the Palace, they had no *Remora* to stay them, but only to pay those Acknowledgments which the Gratitude and Generosity of *Thersander* requir'd them. They were just preparing to take their leaves, when a Messenger brings in a Packet to *Thersander*, containing a Mandate from his Royal Master, to attend him the next day; and that his Appearance at Court might be the more splendid and illustrious by such Attendants, he incites in them a

strong

ſtrong deſire to view the Royal Divertiſements of the Court, by a Story, the fatal Truth of which hath often transferred the *Spartans* Glory to the utmoſt Confines of the Univerſe.

It was my Fate Sirs (ſaid he) to be then an Attendant on my Prince, when the ſame occaſion that draws him to this place now, prov'd at once the Cauſe of Joy and Grief. Not far from hence lies the Vale of *Ceres*, where his belov'd *Eromena* reſides, a Lady that Nature only created for Man to wonder at; and when created, ſhe broke her Mould, ſo that ſince ſhe has not been able to produce her equal: ſhe vvas not more the comfort of his Age

than

than the glory of her Sex. But I engage my ſelf in a too tedious Relation, vvhich in brief take thus.

When Beauty was firſt enrich'd by Youth, with manly ſtrength, her Royal Mother vvas the happy Partner of his Bed, who kept up a flame of Vertue in her Soul that gave light to a Beauty, truly great and excellent. Some years had now paſt over 'em ſince they were firſt acquainted vvith thoſe private Pleaſures that enrich the Nuptial Bed, 'ere ſhe made her Offerings at *Lucina*'s Temple. Both their good Angels ſate in Council for her ſafety, and an univerſal Joy fill'd the Breaſts of both Parents vvith big and preg-

nant

nant hopes of a Boy to be the *Spartan* Heir; while the Subjects expreſs theirs in exalted *Io's*, and ſounds of Triumph.

But when the preceding Pains told the fair Queen that the impriſon'd Infant long'd to be deliver'd, all the Graveſt Ladies were call'd to her Aſſiſtance, who afforded Nature all the help of Art, but in deſpair of ſafety, ſend their Prayers to win relief from Heaven, which it ſoon ſent by Harbingers, who carry'd the fair Queen to Heaven with them, whilſt her Body only adorns the ſilent Manſions of the dead: for, no ſooner had the unhappy Babe breath'd its firſt Salutes to the World, ere the dying Queen

bids

bids it farewel, and whiles her languishing Spirit expir'd with every Word, she bequeath'd this her last Legacy in these Words; *Receive this young and tender Infant from thy dying Queen; name her* Eromena. *Here! Oh here! I conjure you by all our mutual Vows, let this sweet Babe preserve my Memory within thy Thoughts; and since the Powers above, within the dark Registers of Fate, have ordain'd it that I no sooner am a Mother but must cease to be so, I once more request, that she may never be under any other Commands than what bear an equal Poize to your Paternal Care and fatherly Affection. This! this is all that can be left thee of thy dear* Lucasia. *Here in this shall you see my living Picture,*

whilst

whilst I, putting off the frail Robes of Mortality, take my Passage through the cold Grave, to mount and mingle with the shining Stars. O my Lord! Death would be all Charms and seem to me as the Smiles of Fate, and I with Pleasure should embrace it, would the fatal Sisters but spin the Thred of my Life to a little longer Date, that I might see this Infant grow a Woman: but, oh! I feel my dying Heart-strings break, and Life bids adiew to my dear Lord, and all the various Business of the World, to view what Changes lye hid in the Womb of Eternity.

Thus dy'd the Queen.----

Presently Grief and Convulsions seiz'd the good King, and had certainly shook him from the Throne of Life, if the cheerful

ful smiles and the pretty innocent looks of his Souls Darling had not recovered his long-lost Mirth; and stealing through all the Guards of Grief, with Joy renewed her Mothers Image in her smiles.

But now the Royal Princess having out-grown her tender Infancy, needed no other Guardian to steer the Course of her Life than her own innate Vertue, which filld her Thoughts with heavenly seed, and so dispos'd her to all Good, that every Action of her Life proclaim'd her Worth, and was an admirable Copy for the rest of the Court-Ladies to imitate.

The King her Father, to add Majesty and Splendour to her Vertue, assign'd an hundred of the noblest Youths of *Sparta* for her Guard: but (Princes are so sacred that their Actions are not in the least censurable by Subjects) it was some occult cause that mov'd the Prince to commit so select a Party to the Conduct of one that so ill deserv'd it; his Merits bore not the least proportion with his Birth; his Thoughts were ever high and soaring, beyond the Sphear in which it had plac'd him; some seeds of Goodness lay here and there scatter'd in his Breast, which the Soil, too hot with Ambition, choak'd and wither-

ed:

ed: now he would seem to covet the Acquaintance and Company of the best, anon he is easily seduc'd to the Cabals and factious Associations of the worst of Mankind; his Valour has for a long time fill'd the mouth of Fame, and born him up on the Wings of popular Applause, insomuch that that which has often prov'd the terror of his pale Foes, might be justly fear'd he designs to turn to the Ruine of his Friends.

But that which will serue up your desire to a greater height than the wish'd society of Valour, is a Custom in this Court, which some Nations in the World have abrogated and ex-

ploded, which the excessive love of her Royal Father had raisd beyond all parallel, that as long as this Place is graced by his Residence, no Cause, although Capital, but is heard and judged by the Royal Princess, whose Mercy, when Despair has shrunk up the Spirits of the Oppress, has been their safest Refuge and *Asylum*.

But, that I might give you a more full and manifest Illustration of her excelling Vertues, I would not have any Adventure whatsoever take you off, and hinder your progess to the Court, whose Glories are too large and ample for Report to build on.

The

The noble Youths wond'ring to hear so much of Virtue, with Joy prepare to attend on the noble *Thersander*; when Fate, to shew her power, unhappily croſt the expectation of the brave Strangers by a very unlucky accident, to discover how much the Resolves of the best of Mankind truckle, and submit to the mysterious Commands of invisible Destiny.

For *Aphron*, that was lately recovered of his Wounds, met with a more dangerous and fatal Relapse; as soon as the blushing *Aurora* usher'd in the Morn, which he with painful expectation waited for, complain'd of a shivering Benumb'dness in all

his Limbs; his Reason long oppreſt, and haunted with his Sufferings, diſſerted her feeble Manſion, in whoſe Room it entertains only the wild Chimæra's of a ſickly Fancy.

But the Paroxyſms of that ſharp Calenture being ſomewhat abated, his Spirits retreated to a ſweet ſlumber; which *Horatio* perceiving, takes a ſhort Noon-tide Walk to divert his troubled Mind, and contemplate the pleaſing variety of Nature.

Who, to this end, ſeated himſelf in the obſcure ſhady Receſſes of an aged Oak; near which, two Virgins, bright as the Morn and freſh as the Spring-glories of the flowery Meadows,

had

had retired to cool their wearied Bodies, and preserve their blooming Beauties from the ravishing Beams of the scorching Sun; the pleasing Airs of their well-tun'd Songs charm'd *Horatio* into a sweet sleep, while Fate soon contriv'd by an unlucky Accident to unravel all their mirth, by turning the sweet Harmony of their Voices into doleful Shrieeks and a dismal Separation.

For, by chance some of the young Lords, willing to partake of the pleasures of the morning, had remov'd themselves some few miles from the Court; and to avoid the heat of the too prevalent Sun, betook themselves to the cool protection of a Wood;

in which Retreat, the proud *Almanzor* (Captain of the Princesses Guard) wandring too great a distance from the rest, happen'd to enter the same Grove where the two unhappy Virgins were retir'd; whom, as soon as he espied, he directs his steps towards 'em with so eager a pace that it justly gave them cause of flight; a startling Fury in his face betray'd the unruly Passion that was hid within: he seizes *Floridella*, and with impious Rhetorick and hot smothering Kisses, strives to assault the guarded Castle of her Virtue; in vain she us'd her weak Force, and her Prayers and Tears were as little prevalent as that; now he sum-

mons

mons up all the choice of Eloquence, anon he thinks Threatnings the only way to make her surrender; *Base and Unworthy Whore* (quoth the lustful Ravisher) *that out of hate to Virtue denyest me that which thou freely grantest to every dull rude Swain, think not that these false and hypocritical Tears shall deprive me of a Pleasure which the opportunity both of Time and Place tells me I am Master of, whilst I offer to stoop thus low as to make thee Mother of a Son that might deservedly be the Glory of thy Family; nor art thou thy self ignorant that there is so great a disproportion between us as between Men and Gods.*

Trembling *Floridella*'s Fears gave her just Strength enough to answer him. *The*

The Powers above (the Guardians of Virgin-Innocence) that with all-seeing eyes look into the inmost Receptacles of our Thoughts, know you wrong me: Never the least extravagant Thought or unlawful Desire found entertainment in my spotless Breast: I know the difference of our Births, but the poor name of Chastity exceeds all the splendid Titles of a glorious Whore, who turns the sweet Paradise of her Beauty into a thorny Wilderness, or a loathsome Dunghil. Think! Oh think! when Time shall be no more, at the last dismal Day (if our sacred Laws are more than Fables) the loss of Honour will be the loss of my Heaven, which if preserv'd, our spotless Souls converse with Angels, and our Bodies become Temples, fit for none but Deities

ties to inhabit. But neither Prayers nor Tears could divert his unruly Paſſion: all ſtrength of Oratory was in vain, and the poor breathleſs Nymph was brought to ſo low an Ebb, even almoſt beneath the power of Reſiſtance, had not a young Swain (nam'd *Menalcas*, whom the force of Love did often cauſe to frequent theſe Groves) brought her a timely and unexpected Aid: he neither diſputes with fear nor policy, but with his Sword endeavours the Reſcue of the unhappy Virgin, till the fatal hand of the proud *Almanzor* made him fall a Sacrifice to her Chaſtity.

Now her Prayers and Shrieks fill all the ambient Air; at which

Hora-

Horatio (whom *Floridella*'s voice had before charm'd into a ſweet ſlumber) ſtartled, and directed by the ſound, haſted to diſcover what the Uncouthneſs of the noiſe might be; where when he came, he ſaw poor *Menalcas* wallowing in his own Blood, and trembling *Floridella* bath'd in her own tears, ready to ſacrifice her Life with her Virginity; *Almanzor* preſently aſſails the noble Stranger, whom true Valour and the Juſtice of his Cauſe oblig'd to retaliate; here equal Valour bred in both a doubtful hope; Victory hover'd long over their heads, till it deſcended, and crown'd the righteous Cauſe, which the reſt of *Almanzor*'s Fol-

lowers

lowers (that came from the next Grove seeing) endeavour to revenge his Dishonour, by seizing the noble Stranger, and imputing *Menalca*'s Death to the wrong'd *Horatio*.

They bring him to the Princes Palace, where the Seat of Justice was erected, the terror of whose Sword could never wrinkle the smoothest Brow, since it was guided by the hand of a Princess, the frowns of whose eyes struck more Astonishment than the fam'd *Draco*'s Laws, tho writ in blood.

She sate in purple Robes on a Throne of Ebony, interlay'd with plates of Silver; which appear'd so mournfully pleasant,

that it seem'd to delight those sable Souls whom the pale terrors of approaching Death had prepossess'd: on each side sate a stern Minister of Fate, an impartial Judge, whose different Habits represented the lively Hieroglyphicks of Mercy and Justice.

Silence commanded, the undaunted Prisoner was brought forth, whose Looks, in such a low Ebb of Fortune, did discover a Soul fraught with such Virtues as come near the excellence of Angels, and such religious hopes and firm confidence, that whom Heaven knew innocent it would never fail to relieve.

But

But the Friends of the curs'd *Almanzor*, and wronged *Menalcas*, were so importunate Clamourers, that not all his Virtue could protect him; he must fall an innocent Sacrifice, to Atone for no other Crime than their invenom'd hate.

An ominous silence presently struck the pitying Court, just before the fatal Sentence was pronounc'd, whilst the Royall *Eromena* strove to stifle her Tears with her Passion; it was then that the unseen Engine of mysterious Love first mov'd within her, 'twas first infus'd in the *Embrio*, which soon form'd a divine *Idea* subsisting in the highest sphear of harmonious Nature.

Now

Now the Noble *Horatio* stands on the Precipice of Fate, and with an equal calm Mind embraces his Destiny. No disorderly fears ruffled his Fancy, nor domestick Wars raged within him; sometimes he gaz'd on the majestick Beauty of the Royal Princess, as an Emblem of greater glories than ever Earth afforded, whilst Reason guarded his Innocence, which controul'd all ignoble Passions, and made *Christian* Fortitude and *Roman* Valour kiss each other.

The Judges having pronounced the fatal Sentence, the undaunted Prisoner is presently hurried from the Bar, when before the fair Princess was departed,

ed, *Therſander*, in obedience to the Royal Mandate, comes to Court, and underſtanding the imminent danger of the diſtreſs'd *Horatio*, gives *Eromena* a full Relation how he happen'd to meet him, and therefore, on his knees, intreats her to let Mercy triumph over her Juſtice, till Truth might be made more apparent by a clearer Inquiſition: the Princeſs, who was much more forward to pardon than he to beg, was eaſily won to be his pitying Mediatrix, and immediately procur'd a Reprieve for three days, notwithſtanding the ſevere Clamours of his implacable Enemies.

Two of the three days were quite expir'd e're Heaven ſent the happy means of Delivery, by the injur'd *Floridella*, to whoſe Ears Fame had brought the amazing Tidings of *Horatio*'s Danger; ſhe comes to Court with an haſte in her looks, which imported ſomewhat extraordinary, and flies to *Eromena*, and tells her the tragick Story of *Almanzor*'s Villany, and her happy Delivery by that condemn'd unfortunate Stranger.

The ſurprizing Story being known to the whole Court, ſoon became the Object of Wonder and Admiration: now it was that Truth and Innocence ſmelt ſweet and grateful in the Noſtrils of all; now a ſudden Joy ſeiz'd the

the vvondring Princeſs, to hear hovv lovely Valour and Innocence appear'd in the deſpairing Stranger: the Scene of Fate vvas novv chang'd, the Chains and Fetters of a loathſome Priſon are novv metamorphoſed to the raviſhing pleaſures of a Royal Palace.

The *Spartan* Prince, vvho had a Soul fill'd vvith Love and Gratitude, vvhere he ſavv Deſert, reflecting on the horrid Attempt of the luſtful *Almanzor*, by his Baniſhment made Vertue and Innocence appear more illuſtrious in the Noble *Horatio*; and as a Revvard and Honour due to his Valour, made him Commander of his Royal Daughter's Guard.

And now it was that the Divine *Eromena* began to plate a secret Love, and a private Adoration in every Action he performs; in every thing he does she beholds a shining Majesty beneath a Cloud, or as Books wherein Heaven displays its sacred Oracles, in unknown and illegible Characters: her flames were not such as are kindled in every vulgar Breast, but the bright Stars of her Love sate inthron'd so high, and shone so pure and spotless, that none but one endued with such Divine Beauty, could be endued with the like.

On the contrary, her Actions in his sight appear'd like her form all heavenly and glorious; eve-

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ry Geſture carried a ſhining Majeſty within it; and it would not be poetical to imagine that ſhe was ſome She-Deity, diſguis'd with Mortality, that forſook the chryſtal Arch to converſe with Mankind.

Her free Soul, diſrob'd of all lovv and terreſtrial Thoughts, aim'd at nothing now but the imperial Crown of mighty Love, whilſt ſhe, ſtriving to repair the wakeful ruines of the Day within her Bed, a Dream, ominous and prophetick, lay long hovering on the Wings of her Fancy, which diſcover'd a bright Beam of pure Divinity, vvhoſe Rays ſo far tranſcended thoſe of humane Reaſon, as the vaſt maſſe

of Eternity doth a day or a year.

She beholds a City pav'd all with Adamant, fram'd to survive the universal Conflagration, and out-live Doomsday, inhabited by none but our good Genius's, plac'd there to govern all our Actions, as a *Medium* betwixt us and Eternity.

On each side of this large Structure was placed a Gate, between which was a Labyrinth, in whose Meanders the Vanities of Life sate attempting to stay the pale Harbingers of Death, but in vain; for, the impartial Tyrant conveys all down a dark Hill, at the foot of which runs a dismal Lake. On the black surface of the Water lye an infinite multitude

titude of Boats fill'd with Passengers, whose pale, meager Aspects discover to the trembling Spectators that there's no Age nor Degrees of Mankind can be exempted from that powerful Tyranny.

A Tide, which never shall know a Reflux, conveys each Passenger to a gloomy Strand, circled with Obscurity, where Eternity reigns, and swallows up the finite terms of Days and Years.

The Princess having seen the various Scenes of Life, turns aside, and on a high Rock beholds the house of Fate; in it was a Quadrangle, and within that a Triangle, and both these encompast with a Circle; this

was its form, but what its matter was is too dangerous to enquire, but is left for us and our Posterity to admire: in every Corner stands a Tower, where inhabit the impartial, unrepenting *Parcæ*; the first she cast her eyes on was *Clotho*, the kindest of the three, who chooses out the Seeds of Life from immaterial Essences, and disposes them to a Wool for her Sister *Lachesis* to spin, Myriads of Souls lye swarming about her shivering, naked, and without the frail covering of flesh, which by degrees ripens Mankind for his misery when he first enters on the stage of Life.

The next she beheld was the Tower of *Lachesis*, whose swift

Fin-

Fingers draw the mysterious threds of Life in several lengths; some she extends to the weary Beds of decrepid Age, whilst others are broke off in Infancy, before they know what 'tis to live.

Some she saw destin'd to the mourning Robes of heavy Afflictions, whilst purple Pleasures, gawdy Plumes, and glittering Trifles, were the lot of others; but among all, there was no one thread altogether free from the knots of Care; even Crowns sit heavy on the heads of Princes, and the glorious Titles of a far fetch'd Nobility are very ponderous, though honourable Burdens.

Next

Next to this was plac'd the dark Abyſs of diſmal *Atropos*; Here Death and Horror ſate on their gloomy Thrones; every Room was fill'd vvith loud Groans, and the ſad ſight of pale, grim Ghoſts: this vvas the laſt Stage, at vvhich, all, ſooner or later, ſhall be forc'd to arrive.

Above all theſe vvas erected the lofty Pyramid of Fame, vvhich vvas fill'd vvith the empty Sounds and big ſvvelling Names of thoſe vvhoſe threds of Life the Deſtinies pleas'd to vveave in a finer Loom: here all the Whimſeys of Report fly on feeble Wings, vvhich not being able longer to ſupport them, ſtick

on

on the slimy Wall, till the curious Antiquary causes them to live in monuments of Paper, in whose Records they are still preserv'd to be the various Censures of succeeding Generations.

Next she beheld the happy, peaceful Mansion of the Poets, only rich in Fancy, (as if that *Poverty* and *Poetry*, like *Democritus*'s Twins, were inseparable) here the blest Spirits of the incomparable *Johnson* and *Cowley*, reap the plentiful Harvest of all their Labours, and are framing ever verdant Lawrels to crown their own never-dying Dust. Now they sing somewhat more lofty and sublime, and they leave the more low Theams of Wars

and

and Men to write Odes and Anthems fit only for the tongues of Angels.

Beneath them were plac'd the Historians, whose long-liv'd Works have erected for them so high and firm a Monument of Fame, as neither Men nor Eternity it self shall ever demolish.

All which, the Genius of the Princes ran over with an heedless Haste, untill obstructed by a more mysterious Vision that fix'd her wandring Fancy.

A Light, bright as the Sun, directs her where she beholds the better Genius of *Sicilia*, mounted on a stately Throne, whose proud State was supported by three noble Knights, who equal-

ly

ly aim'd at the Royal Seat, vvhich since they could not attain to, vvas equally divided 'tvvixt her three fair Daughters: When the divided Throne had fix'd a Diadem on each Angle, the royal Stem that bore her Fathers Crovvn, brings to her View vvits glorious Race of Kings, vvhose Rear vvas led up by her Royal Father. Next came those that bore the honour'd Arms of *Epirus*, the Royal Train concluding in *Zoranza*. Next follovved those Princes that had svvay'd the Scepter of *Horatio*, till stopt by *Zoranza*, the Diadem drop'd from the hoary Head of Royal *Gelon*: this rais'd her Admiration to an extraordinary height, but much

much more when she saw the aged Prince appear again dress't in a poor Pilgrims Weed, leading a lovely Boy, in whose innocent Looks she reads the soft Lectures of Pity and Compassion: but while she stood gazing on the sweet Youth, by a sudden and invisible Fate, he seem'd transform'd to the Person of the Noble *Horatio*: with Astonishment she beheld him, offering the Sacrifice of his Heart to her fair *Idea*: there the excess of Joy had rob'd her of her sweet Slumbers, had not a sudden black Cloud of fear obscur'd the glorious dream; presently a dreadful Mist, black as the Vapors of the *Stygian* flood, fill'd the place with a quick, but

hor-

horrid Darkneſs; and to encreaſe its terror, 'twas follow'd by loud Claps of Thunder, charged with Volleys of amazing Lightning, which gave the Princeſs light enough to behold the *Idea* of *Horatio* groveling in his Blood; which ſhe no ſooner ſaw but ſhe ceaſed to be the Miſtreſs of her Paſſions, and burſt forth into ineffable Shrieks and paſſionate Invocations. Nothing ſounded in her Ears but his hollow expiring Groans, which bathed her in a cold Sweat of tears.

But now a ſecond Flaſh of Lightning, attended with a wild Horror, preſented the pale form of her Royal Father; which no

ſooner

ſooner vaniſh'd, but a Troop of Ghoſts ſeem'd to deſcend from the dark Priſon of the cold grave, endeavoured to ſeize her, and bear her to the gloomy Confines of that ſad abode; when juſt as ſhe appear'd to ſink, lo! a reſplendent Cloud bow'd from the fair Arch of Heaven, which diſcovered the Noble *Horatio* clad in bright Armour, who immediately redeemed her from the threatning danger: which done, the horrid Darkneſs vaniſh'd, and the welcome Sun of glorious Comfort, diſplay'd its Beams, by whoſe Light ſhe beholds a Throne ſomewhat reſembling the former, but far more rich and ſtately, on which the good

Geni-

Genius's (miniſtring Angels) plac'd her and her lov'd *Horatio*; in which extaſie of Joy ſhe awakes, and with a pleaſing Rapture deſcants on the particulars of her Dream; the memory of which ſhall live ſo long within her thoughts, untill Fate fulfill thoſe illegible Myſteries of the dark Predictions.

Soon as the Morning dawn'd, the Princeſs roſe, and immediately withdrew from all burthenſome Society to improve her Joy in the private ſhadows of a ſilent Grove; in which pleaſing and delightful task whilſt her Fancy was enrich'd by her Memory, *Horatio* enters with ſo great an haſte, as diſcover'd ſome

great diligence to ſome ſupream Commander; but when he arriv'd ſo near as to diſcern how privately ſhe had retir'd, a reverend fear ſtops his progreſs, leſt ſo ſudden an Intruſion might diſturb her Paſſions, which now lay at Anchor in a ſafe Haven of ſerene Thoughts: He ſtays ſo long till her Commands made him enter; on his Knees he preſents her with a Packet from her Royal Father, the Contents of which (if it be poſſible that Love can groan under a greater Curſe than Deſperation) made her Sufferings infinitely more intollerable than the pencil of Fear could repreſent them: the Stile was ſuch, as that it did not altogether com-

mand

mand nor intreat, but only declare his Royal Will and Pleasure, and the paternal Affection he bore to the safety of the Kingdom, which could no otherwise be confirm'd but in an affinity with the Prince of *Lacedæmon*, the splendour of whose Name stood exalted on the highest pyramid of Honour: the neighbour Countries have bow'd their servile Necks beneath his Sword, and now humbly offers both it and them at her Royal Feet; but too late did that second *Mars* bend his Forces to storm that fair Virgin *Citadell*, which she design'd to surrender to a more lovely and powerful Commander.

Long her confus'd thoughts hover'd between fear and passion; her denial to her Royal Father must of Necessity incur his Displeasure; but to run counter to the Current of her own Love, would inevitably plunge her in the Ocean of Misery, and make her commence her Hell here by depriving her of her Heaven, her lov'd *Horatio*.

Of all the Lords of the Court, *Horatio* was by the King thought the best and fittest to go this Embassy to the *Prince* of *Lacedæmon*: You cannot imagine with what Reluctancy and Grief the unhappy *Horatio* receiv'd his Order; but yet he resolv'd neither to prove disloyal to his *Prince*, nor a de-

a delinquent to his Love; he ſtrove what in him lay to defer the *Prince*'s Intentions; and pretending himſelf unworthy of the Honour he was pleas'd to confer on him, when many of a much higher Rank were diſregarded. But this did not in the leaſt divert the Intentions of his Royal Maſter; he thought him too worthy to beſtow it on any other, and that the Words he had ſpoken were only the effects of his Modeſty.

But Love, Almighty-Love, made him thus ſtruggle with his Duty: now he muſt go, and be expos'd to the Hazards of the Ocean, and at laſt ſollicite another to be made miſerable himſelf.

But when the ſweet *Eromena* knew this, that the only perſon ſhe ador'd and lov'd was commanded to be her unhappy Sollicitor, and that no means imaginable could hinder or prevent it, ſhe retir'd into the ſecret'ſt Arbour of the Garden, near which the perplexed *Horatio* retreated a little before to give ſome Vent to his Paſſions, and paſs an hour away in condoling his Misfortunes, and the miſchievous Honour conferred upon him; the *Princeſs* came too for the ſame Intent; and having ſeated her ſelf in a very melancholy poſture, began to recollect what fatal Conſequence and Effects might attend their Separation.

She

She was ever Miſtreſs and Empreſs of her Paſſions till this Hour: never before now did ſhe give Love the Reins, and vent her ſorrowful Paſſions in ſuch lamentable Tones; 'tis impoſſible to expreſs what Raptures ſhe breathed forth, how her very Soul went out with her Words, and were both drown'd in their own Tears. *Ah, Cruel Father!* (ſaid the languiſhing *Princeſs*) *thus to rob me of the only Object of my Pleaſure and Delight. My only Heaven upon Earth is in the Sight and Enjoyment of my dear* Horatio; *and my future Heaven would not be Heaven entire without him too. O Pleaſures! Oh majeſtick Royalty! farewel, ſince he muſt go without whom all*

the Pleaſures and Pomps of Courts are dull and inſipid. I ever before accounted Love but the blind Deity of a vulgar Error; but I find now, That the Voice of Mankind is the Voice of Heaven. No, Lacedæmonian! *wert thou the Emperour, nay, God of the Univerſe, that had'ſt more Charms than Subjects, thou would'ſt never be capable in the leaſt to vie with my poor lov'd* Horatio. *'Tis true, he is a Prince born high, fitted for Greatneſs, and created for Command; a Soul, as great as ever y t inform'd an humane Body: yet, were he the pooreſt Subject, had he the ſame Vertues, by all the Powers above I ſhould ſtill have the ſame Love.*

Horatio (who had before abſconded himſelf in an adjoyning Ar-

Arbor) with aſtoniſhment heard the paſſionate diſcoveries of the languiſhing *Princeſs*. She never diſcover'd her Amour to him before but only in ſpeaking Sighs, and the pleaſing Rhetorick of extraordinary Looks: but now he heard the ſurprizing Story from her own Lips, a ſudden ſtartling Joy preſently ſeiz'd him, but twas ſoon converted into a more ſtartling Grief, becauſe he was ſo ſoon to leave her: *No, My* Eromena, *before, I viewed thee with eyes of Wonder and Aſtoniſhment*, (Burſt forth *Horatio* in an extaſie) *and ſtill I think thee the very Phœnix of Nature: Never was* Sparta *'ere now bleſt with ſo great a prodigy of Virtue.* With ſuch an abrupt rhapſody

ſody of Words the tranſported *Horatio* preſently diſcover'd himſelf; and preſently a ſhower of Bluſhes fell upon her fair Cheeks: *Ah!* Horatio (ſaid ſhe) *what curſt Fate has hitherto attended us? What croſs Stars ſhone at our Births, and had ſo ill an Influence upon both our Lives? I know not what of us is regiſtred in the Book of Fate; but ſure I am, (if my late Dream be true) the Gods have yet ſome greater Happineſs in ſtore for us.* *Horatio* was as inquiſitive as his Place and Condition would permit him, to know what it was. She who could deny nothing in honour to one whom ſhe ſo dearly loved, gave a true Relation of her

her myſterious Dream. With Wonder he heard ſo ſtrange a Story, and gathered very good *Omens* from its ſtrange Concluſion. But ſtill the fatal Worm gnaw'd within 'em both: *Horatio's* Departure was the Sting within 'em: he only expected the pleaſure of his Prince when to depart; which not long after was brought to his Apartment by a Meſſenger, to have time of Preparation for three Days; in which ſpace, he receiv'd Orders and Diſpatches from his Royal Maſter for the Management of his Affair.

The time was come, when the mournful *Horatio* took his leave of the King and Court to ſet Sail for *Lacedæmon*. But

But above all, the mutual Sighs and passionate Expressions of the Royal Lovers, were inexpressible: Rivers of Tears fell from her fair eyes; Grief, ineffable Grief, only permitted her to bid him adiew. Never a sinful Soul parted from a Body vvith more heavy Pangs and irresistable Reluctancy than these tvvo almost despairing Lovers: all her Time and Thoughts vvere taken up and employ'd in Prayers to Heaven for his safe Arrival; nor vvas it in the least deaf or frovvard; the Rhetorick of her prevailing Oratory caus'd the kind Gods to convey him to his desir'd Port in tvvo days. He

vvas

vvas very nobly and magnificently conducted by the choice of all the *Lacedæmonian* Nobility to the Princes Palace, vvhere vvhen he came, he found all the Court in a profound melancholy: a Cloud of Grief had dravvn its ſable Aſpect over all their Faces. He vvonder'd at firſt vvhat it meant, but vvas ſoon acquainted by the Prince's Miniſters, that their Royal Maſter lay very ſick of a very dangerous Diſeaſe, and that there vvas very little Room left for of his Recovery.

HORATIO immediately thought of the Royal Princeſs's Dream, and began impatiently to reflect on its Concluſi-

clusion; when a Messenger the next Morning came to his Lodging, and acquainted him of the Death of the *Lacedæmonian* Prince: *Horatio* presently prepar'd to condole the loss of the Court in the Death of their Master: here the Fates prov'd very propitious to his Love; now he was assur'd that the Dream was more than humane, and not the vain *Chimæra*s of a troubled Fancy: he saw now, *That even Dreams likewise are from above*, and that Fate intended some extraordinary Revolution to make him happy by the Death of his too potent and formidable Rival.

Presently he dispatches away Letters to the King his Master,

to give him advice of the frustration of his Embassy by the Prince's Death. This News was very surprizing to the King, who immediately thereupon dispatcht Orders for his coming home. This likewise was soon known to the Royal Princess, who was now altogether so much transported with Joy, as she was before with grief. Every minute with impatience she expected her wish'd *Horatio*: all her Thoughts ran on him; his *Idea* was always in her Fancy, as the only Object she ador'd and lov'd. He on the other side was no less ravished with the pleasing Remembrance of his former Misfortunes, and the eager ex-

pecta-

pectation of the Society and Converſe of his Soul's Darling, the admir'd *Eromena*.

No ſooner had he received his Orders, but impatient of delay, he ſummons all his Retinue on Board, and with proſperous Sails in few days arriv'd at his wiſht for Haven. Now Love once more reſum'd its proper Seat and Throne: all the Faculties of his Soul were now employ'd in its ſublime Myſteries: nothing but the lov'd Society of his dear *Eromena* could content him; which he did not long ſecurely enjoy, before ſome, too maliciouſly inquiſitive into their Amours, envy'd their happineſs, and diſcover'd the whole

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Intrigue, and repreſented it too obſcure and odious in the eyes of the King: at firſt he ſeem'd very averſe to every of the leaſt Intimation of it; but then recollecting of what a noble and antique Extraction *Horatio* was, and how much he had deſerv'd for his ſignal Services, began to be more calm and ſerene.

Now the brave *Horatio* became a greater Favourite than ever, though the Princeſs for a while diſſembled her Paſſion from the eyes of the Court; yet the King, to make him the more illuſtrious, ſtill careſs'd him with new Favours, and honourd him with freſh Titles and new budding Glories. All the eyes of

the Court were now set on him; they all knew his Worth, but wonder'd from what Source this Stream and Deluge of Honours might flow: they thought that this sudden Exaltation on the Wheel of Fortune was only to give him the greater Fall, and render his Ruine the more plain and obvious. They little consider'd that the Gods sell nothing to Men but only for Labour and Desert: and how great the Merits of *Horatio* were, his Royal Master sufficiently knew, and that all the Honours he could confer on him would not be in the least answerable, unless the inestimable Gift of his Royal Daughter.

One

One day seeing her all alone, and pensive, he thus accosts her; *My dear* Eromena, *I have often wondred that in the midst of a Palace, so fully fraught with Delights, and so great a Croud of Pleasures, (where you are as much Mistress as I Master) you should so far abandon your Royal self, as wholly to be given up to Grief and Cares. This Posture, in this Place, must needs be much taken notice of; and I know not what cause you might have for such a Behaviour. You know, all the Pomp and Splendour of the Court attend your Beck, and that all the Laws of Nature constrain me (since my Life is bound up in yours) to give you all the Pleasures and Satisfaction imaginable.*

You need not, Sir, (said she) much admire at my Retiredness, (since the best of Princes are not free from the censorious Tongues of their Inferiours) I suppose Sir, (but I blush in the Relation) that the inquisitive Eyes, and the more envious Tongues of some, have represented the innocent, harmless Friendship of Horatio and Me in very dark and odious Characters. 'Tis true, Sir, I have seen such matchless Worth in that brave Stranger, that I cannot only love but admire him.

As for his Merits (replied the Prince) I cannot in the least detract from them; but, you know that you are the only Heir to my Crown and Dignity, and that the only means to preserve them is by an Alliance with some foreign Prince.

Oh

Oh Sir! (said she) *is it possible to choose a stronger Prop for a Crown than the brave* Horatio? *Though he be but a Stranger at our Court, yet his Vertues deserve not to be a Stranger to a Crown. Pardon, Sir, the Excursions of my Passion, since I can no longer hide it: all the Happiness and Felicity I desire in this Life, is, that* Horatio *might be the sole Partner and Companion of it.*

The Prince knowing the several Inconveniencies that attend forc'd Marriage, and still ruminating on the Merits of the brave *Horatio*, confirmed her Choice, and praised her Constancy; and as soon as ever the Tide of Business that he was then cumber'd with, was

abated, he gave their Loves the wish'd-for *Exit*; where we now leave them; the Wonder and Glory of the present, and the best Example for future Ages to imitate.

FINIS.

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THere is lately publiſhed a Satyr, called Maſſinello, againſt the Aſſociation, and the Guild-Hall Riot. in Quarto.

Alſo, a Pindaric Ode on the Martyrdom of King Charles I. By the ſame Author.

In the Preſs there is an eminent Treatiſe, in Latin, concerning Free Will, in Oppoſition to the Calviniſts againſt Predeſtination: which will be ſhortly publiſhed with the Author's Name.